

## BLOOMS THAT POISON

ODORS OF FLOWERS THAT ARE HARMFUL TO HEALTH.

### Reverence of the Poppy, as it Contains Opium and Induces Drowsiness, Tulips That Are Dangerous and Produce Light Headedness.

The majority of people think that the tulip has no smell, and this is true of a great number of the fashionable variegated kinds. The old self colored sorts, however, particularly those of a deep crimson hue, have a powerful odor, which is dangerous when inhaled. This odor is of saffron flavor and affects many people in a very peculiar manner. If breathed deeply, it has the effect of producing light headedness, which continues for some time, causing the sufferer to do and say all manner of remarkable and ridiculous things. Its influence often lasts for an hour or two and is followed by deep depression.

Another common flower whose odor has evil properties is the poppy. This is doubtless due to the quantity of opium which the blossom contains. Numbers of individuals, especially young ladies of highly strung temperament, complain of the drowsy sensation which comes after walking through a field of these flowers and afterward of violent headaches and a disinclination to move about. In Asia Minor, where the poppy is grown in vast quantities for the purpose of extracting the drug, tourists are frequently incapacitated for many hours after inspecting a poppy plantation, and two cases of death among English tourists were traced to the same cause last year.

All flowers grown from bulbs are dangerous in rooms where there is illness. Although bunches of flowers are invariably taken as presents to patients, such blooms as hyacinths, lilies of the valley, tuberose and even daffodils and narcissuses should be carefully avoided. The perfume is as dangerous to a person in a critical state of health as a dose of morphia would be, without possessing the benefits which that drug sometimes confers.

Perhaps the most remarkable effect which any garden flower has on the human body is that which follows the handling of the particular variety of primula known as *obconica*. Experienced gardeners are always careful to wear gloves when potting this plant, as, should there be even such a slight scratch or prick on the hands or fingers, evil results are almost certain to follow.

The first noticeable result is a slight itching of the hands and arms, and this precedes the breaking out of a skin disease which frequently extends to the body. It dies away in the autumn when the leaves fall, and by Christmas the sufferer is free, but the primula has by no means finished its deadly work. When spring comes again and the sap rises in plants and trees, the dread disease makes its reappearance and continues all through the summer.

This continues for many years, frequently for the whole of the victim's lifetime, and there is no known remedy for it, although years of the most rigid dieting have in some cases produced a diminution in its violence.

If blood poisoning by the primula *obconica* does not take this form, it brings about the still more dreadful erysipelas. Cases of poisoning through eating the berries of the belladonna, or deadly nightshade, are all too frequent, but there is the gravest danger in even handling this attractive plant.

It is a very common practice in the country among parties of young people to pick the berries and flick them at each other with the fingers for sport. Then, when heated by the fun and fusillade, the face is sometimes mopped with a handkerchief upon which fingers sticky with the juice of the berries have been wiped.

Should but just a little of this get into one of the eyes a fearful calamity may ensue. Iritis, or paralysis of the iris of the eye, which invariably results in blindness, has been known to come on, and against this dread disease medical skill has as yet proved unavailing. This, too, is in face of the paradoxical fact that treatment with tincture of belladonna is the one usually adopted in the elementary stages of iritis.

The dainty heroine who is so often to be heard of as idly plucking to pieces the petals of a flower must beware which blossoms she chooses for the purpose. Lilies, begonias, rhododendrons and peonies are likely to set up festers, with consequent loss of finger nails, if treated in this way.—London Answers.

### Russia's Many Holidays.

In addition to the fifty-two Sundays Russia has about thirty-nine holidays or feast days of the church. They are kept as rigidly almost as a London Sunday. Business ceases except in nooks and corners, while drunkenness, the bane of the Russian, cripples work for twenty-four or forty-eight hours after each feast. In round numbers there are thirty days on which the western world stands while the Russian stands idle.—Scribner's Magazine.

### Dog's Fate Not Such a Happy One.

Higgins—They talk of leading a dog's life as though anything could be more pleasant. A dog does not have to work for a living, and he does not have to dress and undress every day. Wiggins—True; but think of the wretched plays that are tried upon the dog!—Boston Transcript.

### The Backward Tenant's Peril.

The man who owes his landlord lives, figuratively speaking, over a volcano. Why? Because he is likely to be blown up.—Philadelphia Times.

### Whence Comes Electricity?

At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure annihilated distance and bids fair to abolish darkness for us, it is curious to notice how completely ignorant "the plain man" remains as to the later developments of electrical theory. Some recent correspondence has led me to think that a vague notion that electricity is a fluid which in some mysterious way flows through a telegraph wire like water through a pipe is about as far as he has got, and if we add to this some knowledge of what he calls "electric shocks" we should probably exhaust his ideas on the subject. Yet this is not to be wondered at. Even the most instructed physicists can do nothing but guess as to what electricity is, and the only point on which they agree is as to what it is not. There is, in fact, a perfect consensus of opinion among scientific writers that it is not a fluid—i. e., a continuous stream of ponderable matter, as is a liquid or a gas—and that it is not a form of energy, as is heat. Outside this limit the scientific imagination is at liberty to roam where it listeth, and, although it has used this liberty to a considerable extent, no definite result has followed up to the present time.—Academy.

### Licking Her Stamps.

We find the following anecdotes in a Naples paper: "At the postoffice yesterday, amid the large crowd gathered around the window, was a young English lady, handsome, well dressed and accompanied by her maid. The young lady had just purchased some stamps and was about to affix them to a number of letters which she held in her hand. Delicately tearing off a stamp, she said to her maid, 'Pull (sic) out your tongue.' And the maid, with English impassivity, thrust forth her tongue, while the mistress passed over it a postage stamp, which she subsequently stuck on a letter. She went through the entire package of letters, and for each one the obedient waiting maid thrust out her tongue for the mistress to moisten the stamp. Curious manners these English people have."

### The Canon and the Lawyer.

The point of the following story lies in the important part which the "three-penny bit" plays in church collections in England. Canon Blank was having a friendly game of pool at the squire's, and one of his opponents was Wigsby, the barrister. The canon lost a "life" and took from his pocket a three-penny piece to pay for it, which he placed on the edge of the table.

"Oh," said Wigsby, "I see, canon, you have had your finger in the plate!" The canon drew himself up to his full height, a good six feet, and, looking at the man of the law full in the face, said, "I'm surprised that you, Mr. Wigsby, in the presence of this respectable company, have the audacity to recognize your own paltry contribution!"

### Lamps That Talk.

Electric lamps not only can be made to talk, but also to sing. An ordinary arc light can be made to produce sounds in two ways. One is by placing the arc in the circuit of a telephone instead of the ordinary receiver, and the other is by placing it in the circuit instead of the ordinary transmitter.

In either of these positions it will pronounce words, which can be heard distinctly at a considerable distance. It naturally follows, also, that the electric arc can be utilized as the receiver and also as the transmitter of a telephone.

### The French Horn.

The French horn or cor de chasse is regarded by some musicians as the sweetest and mellowest of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was little else than the old hunting horn, which, for the convenience of the mounted hunter, was arranged in spiral convolutions, to be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The Germans still call it the waldhorn—that is, "forest horn."

### Actors' Superstitions.

To rehearse a play on Sunday is a sure sign that that play will not be a success for the manager ordering the rehearsal and that salaries will be lost by all who so participate on the Lord's day. To twirl a chair at rehearsals is just as good as betting on a sure thing that a fight will disrupt the friendship of at least two members and perhaps cause loss to the management for that week.

### Tough Flour.

Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me. Grocer—What was the matter with it? Mrs. Youngbride—it was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.—Philadelphia Press.

### Her Cooking.

She—You say she won three husbands by her cooking? He—That's what she did. "But how did she get rid of the husbands after she won them?" "Oh, I believe her cooking had something to do with that too."—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Motto That Served.

"It would be helpful to you," said the prison visitor, "if you could take some motto and try to live up to it." "That's right," replied the convict. "I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here today and gone tomorrow.'"

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived.—Colton.

### Wasn't His Hat, Anyway.

Mr. Weddle, visiting his wife's relatives up in Maine, fairly had to go to church that Sunday. He didn't want to go, but his wife thought it would do him good and would be apt to preserve the harmony of the family.

The sermon was long and powder dry, and Weddle stole off into the arms of Morpheus gently and serenely. As he did not snore, his wife did not suspect that he had gone to sleep alongside of her and gave herself up fully to inspecting the bonnet of the woman in the pew in front.

Like all things, good and bad, the sermon came to an end at last, but Weddle slumbered on like a baby, even a deacon began taking up the collection in a hat. When the derby was passed to Weddle, Mrs. Weddle was surprised to see that he did not respond. She nudged him violently to bring him back to his senses, and Weddle, awaking with a start, sat up right and, bewildered, gazed at the hat in the hand of the deacon. Then he shook his head sleepily and said: "No; that isn't mine. Mine is a gray one."—New York Tribune.

### Had Nerve.

"Well, ain't that a lovely customer? I just dote on waiting on that kind. Did you see her, though?" The shop-girl was bubbling over with rage. A woman and her daughter had looked at not fewer than twenty-five silk waists. At last they took up one, and the woman brought forth a tape measure. "I think we might get it out of three and a half yards or three and two-thirds anyhow. Just wait—twenty-three inches down the front, three-quarters for the sleeves, allow a quarter for collar and cuffs. Yes, that'll do it." As she talked she ran the tape over the waist, the clerk standing by almost bursting with indignation. "Three yards of lace, one and a quarter of insertion," she went on, measuring the trimming. "Put that down, Amy. Now let's go. We can get up a waist exactly like that for \$7.50, and they ask \$14.08. They've got their nerve, haven't they?"—New York Press.

### From the Theater Gallery.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge tells in the English Illustrated that the best repartee he ever encountered was in the gallery of a theater. An extremely stout, good tempered woman contrived to wedge herself into a space that would have accommodated a person of ordinary size, to the unconcealed annoyance of a smartly dressed youth next to her. She began to peel an orange, and the youth, with a gesture of complaint, removed his silk hat fustily to a safer position.

"I suppose," said the good tempered woman, "that you'd rather have had a gentleman sitting by the side of you, sir, wouldn't you?"

The youth replied snappishly in the affirmative. "Ah," said the woman thoughtfully, "so would I!"

### Presence of Mind.

During a performance at one of the London theaters a man and his wife had to quarrel on the stage, the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too suspicious and too passionate. Both were acting with great spirit when the wife moved her arm too near the candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their heads, however. The husband extinguished the fire and, proceeding with his part, interpolated: "You see, my dear, I was right. You are ready to flare up at the least thing."

### Not Left Out.

An English paper tells a story of some children's theatricals. A party of children were giving a little drama of their own, in which courtships and weddings played a leading part in the plot. While the play was in progress one of the grownups went behind the scenes and found a very small girl sitting in the corner.

"Why are you left out?" he asked. "Aren't you playing too?" "Oh, I's not left out," came the reply. "I's the baby waiting to be borned."

### Without a Rival.

Printers' Ink undertakes to explain why the newspaper is the foremost and unrivaled medium of publicity. "It can be said of no other medium," it affirms, "that it goes everywhere and is read by everybody. A certain few only read the billboards, the street car and steamboat cards, etc., but the newspaper goes into every home and is the one supreme source of information."

### His Final Instructions.

An old darty who was fearful of being buried alive left these final instructions: "After my time come lemme stay ez long ez possible. Don't make de funeral sermon too long, kaze dat'll make me sleep only de sounder; but blow de dinner bo'n over me. Ef dat don't wake me, I is sho' gone!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Forethought.

"You are probably not aware, sir," said the angry father, "that last year my daughter spent \$1,500 on her dress." "Yes, I am," said the young man firmly. "I advised her to do it over a year ago, when we first became engaged."

### The Morning's Work All Done.

Mistress—Is that sewer gas I smell? Servant (lately arrived from Oshkosh)—No, ma'am. I've cleaned the rooms, made the beds and turned on the gas ready for the night.—American Hebrew.

### Still Young.

Teacher—I am surprised that you are not further advanced. You are extremely backward for your age. Little Girl—Yes'm. Mamma wants to marry again.

## OSTRICH TACTICS.

### Big Bird That Displayed as Much Cunning as an Apache Indian.

A well known hunter and taxidermist tells this story of personal experience in South Africa; it goes far beyond dispelling a slander that has long clouded the fair name of the ostrich:

Arriving at one of the monster hills of the white ant, I climbed upon it and raised my observation glasses to my eyes for a careful survey of the region. My first glance showed me, arising from the dead level of the plain beyond, two objects, each having the form of a capital S. These I knew were the heads and necks of two ostriches. Though I believed they had sighted me, I remained immovable until their necks were suddenly drawn down to the level of the tops of the bushes which screened their bodies. Then I knew for a certainty that they were aware of my presence and would make a quick retreat.

"Without losing an instant's time I ran to the spot where the birds had been standing and found their tracks. These I followed as far as they were distinguishable and then took a course which I believed the birds would naturally follow. No sooner had I reached the top of the ravine than I saw one of the ostriches climbing the side hill. Estimating the distance, I took sight and fired. The ball passed immediately between his legs and struck in the sand of the side hill behind him.

"In an instant the bird darted away like an arrow in the direction of a small clump of bushes in the center of an open space. That he would pause behind this bush and then finally emerge on the other side seemed certain, and I aimed to catch him as he made a fresh start from behind the thorn. He flew over the sand at a terrific rate and reached the bushes. Then I waited fully five minutes for him to emerge from his hiding, with my rifle ready sighted so that I could pull the trigger the second he reappeared, but finally went forward to rout him out. When I reached the clump of bushes, an examination of the sand showed that the crafty old bird had shifted his course at a right angle, making the turn so suddenly that his feet had plowed up the sand for a distance of several inches. This wary tact had placed the bushes between the bird and myself, and he had made his way to new cover while I was innocently waiting for him on the other side of the ambush. An Apache Indian could not have executed this maneuver more cleverly, and I smiled at myself for having ever been foolish enough to believe the traditional story of how the silly ostrich buries his head in the sand and believes that he is thereby concealed."—Philadelphia Post.

## SOME WRITERS.

Goldsmith wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield" in six weeks. It is said to have been a story of his own recollections. Thomas Dunn English wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1843, and some fifty years later George Du Maurier made the tender song famous the world over.

It has been mentioned as a proof of Alexander Pope's love of economy that he wrote most of his verses on scraps of paper and particularly on the backs of letters.

Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre" was rejected by nearly every publisher in England before it scored one of the greatest literary successes in the world's history.

Whittier, the poet, it is reported, said to the doctors in attendance a day or two before his death, "You have done the best possible, and I thank you; but it is of no use—I am worn out."

The poet Heine on the day after his marriage drew up a will in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his wife on condition that she married again. He desired, he said, that at least one man should regret his death.

### The Arab Mother's Advice.

When an Arab damsel gets married, her mother gives her the following advice for securing her future happiness: "You are leaving your nest to live with a man with whose ways and habits you are unfamiliar. I advise you to become his slave if you wish to become the absolute mistress of your husband. Be satisfied with little, endeavor to feed him well and watch over his sleep, for hunger begets anger, and sleeplessness makes a man crossbrained. Be dumb as to his secrets, do not appear gloomy when he is merry nor merry when he is sad, and Allah shall bless you."

### A Way Old Acquaintances Have.

"It is too bad," said the visitor from home, "but people who acquire wealth are not the same to their old friends." "Perhaps there is a reason for that," replied Mrs. Cumrox reminiscently. "People who acquire wealth have feelings the same as any one else, and their old friends sometimes have a very superior way of saying: 'Humph! I knew them when they were as poor as Job's turkey!'"—Washington Star.

### In the Melee.

Attorney—Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant? Witness—Oh, a id, sir. Attorney—And was the assault committed with malice aforethought? Witness—No, sir; it was committed wid a mallet behind the ear.—Judge.

### Irrepressible.

"Fast ez you runs de devil out er one town," said Brother Dickey, "he puts up at de best hotel in de nex' one. Nobody sets on him hard enough ter keep him down."—Atlanta Constitution.

Modern inks date back from 1798, at which time researches of Dr. Lewis and Ribancourt in the chemistry of ink began.

## TWO ODD FISHES.

### The Changeable Pink Hind and the Rainbow Hued Parrot Fish.

The clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies lie above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook, half hoping to see a bevy of mermaids and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale green sea lettuce, there a group of great purple sea fans, yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree, while among them all swim lovely fishes that take the place of the fairies that should dwell in this magic land and fascinate you by their gorgeous colors and their graceful, wavy motions.

There is a great green "parrot fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake the bird, showing himself boldly and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each one is bordered by a pale blown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his saudy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner and thought the hind would make a good first course this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night, he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder and send him away in a fright.—Professor C. L. Bristol in St. Nicholas.

## THE HOLY CITY.

### Jerusalem Still Resembles a Great Fortress of Middle Ages.

Jerusalem is literally "built upon its own heap." Below the houses, courts and paved streets of the present unkept city are the distinguishable remains of eight older cities—those of Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godfrey, Saladin, Suleman—writes Walter Williams from the Holy City to his paper in Columbia, Mo.

Jerusalem has been besieged twenty-seven times, a record of vicissitude unparalleled in the history of the world's cities. It has been burned, sacked, razed to the ground, its inhabitants of every faith put to the sword, all the woes uttered by its own prophets against it have come to pass, yet Jerusalem still resembles a great fortress of the middle ages. Seen from the Mount of Olives, its massive gray walls, its flat roofed houses, its mosques and churches with their conspicuous towers and minarets, present a marvelous picture, beautiful, sublime, unending, from the picture gallery of the mind.

The city itself has narrow, dirty streets. The water supply for its 70,000 people comes in a four inch pipe. The open courts are few and small, and the houses are bunched together with no regard for room or cleanliness. Some houses are underground and others on top of the high inclosing walls. The people are fanatical, ignorant, selfish. There is much to detract from the ideal city, but despite all this and more Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives is the same in its essential details, the same in the framework of its setting, the same in fascinating suggestion, as the Jerusalem of which David sang and over which Jesus wept.

### Points About a Good Horse.

There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on. The lower jaw bones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelids fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lip er indicates dullness and stubbornness. When too far back, there is a disposition to mischief.

### Had Her Love.

Charles Dickens, though he married Catherine, one of George Hogarth's three daughters, in 1836, was later devotedly attached to her sister Mary. Why he did not marry Mary in the first place is not certainly known unless it be that Mary, a young woman of great loveliness of character, had successfully concealed her own affection for Catherine's betrothed in order to save her sister from disappointment. Percy Fitzgerald, a friend of Dickens, expressed this idea in an article in Harper's Magazine entitled "Dickens in His Books."

### The Exceptional Case.

"You say you are thankful you have a cold?" "Yes," answered the optimist. "A cold is one of the few ailments that a doctor will undertake to cure nowadays without a surgical operation."—Washington Star.

### Adam's Mistake.

Freddie—Popper, what does it mean by Adam's one fatal slip? Freddie's Popper—Not hanging on to that rib, I guess.—New York Times.

## MEAT ONCE A DAY.

### Theory That Average Family's Food Is Too Heavy For Health.

Our mistakes in eating begin with our breakfast. In many families, perhaps in most, this meal commences with fruit and cereal, goes on to chops and potatoes, hot breads and coffee and concludes with griddlecakes and sirup. At noon, when a man's stomach is only beginning to rest from all this, he has a steak, more potato, bread and butter, coffee and pie, while at home his wife has a slice of cold meat, a cup of tea and a piece of cake. At night the two sit down to dinner, with roast beef, potatoes and bread and butter as the staples of the meal.

Now, no one but a woodchopper or a hunter can possibly eat meat—above all, red meat, such as beef and mutton—three times a day without inviting uric acid to come and take up its dwelling in his system. Nor can he eat white bread, potatoes and pastry day after day without inviting dyspepsia. One has only to let a doctor trace back these diseases to their source to be quite certain on these points.

But if we decide to give up these things, determine to have meat and potatoes only once a day and red meat only once a week; if we taboo pastry, the starchy vegetables, the white bread and heavy sweets, what have we left for the family meals? "Nothing," the distracted housewife will exclaim despairingly at first thought, but really the matter is not as difficult as it seems.

In planning the meals on this basis there is, first of all, chicken, which is invaluable, for it may be cooked in a dozen different ways and seem a new dish each time, and turkey, duck and goose as well. Then there are the white meats, lamb and veal; fish in its multitudinous forms; there are game in its season, vegetables and fruits, with numberless varieties of soups, and the simple sweets, which are made principally from milk and cream, and all forms of breads.—Harper's Bazar.

## A PLEASING FRENCH TRAIT.

### Love Between Brothers a Strongly Marked Characteristic.

One of the ways in which the close union of French family life shows itself is the great affection of brothers for each other. There is an intimacy between them in good and evil fortune which one does not find in other countries. A brother who takes a high position by his talents loses no opportunity to forward the interests of one of lesser ability or of no ability. He never treats the latter as a drag on him, and perhaps scarcely feels that he is one. Married brothers often like to live in the same house, on different floors, and to hire summer villas in close proximity.

Most of the famous Frenchmen whom I knew had each a brother to whom he was devoted. Louis and Charles Blanc, though so dissimilar in appearance, tastes, disposition, and married to women who disliked each other, were, morally speaking, Siamese twins until death severed the bond. The same might be said of the Garnier-Pages, of Jules Favre and his brother Leon, of Ernest and Arthur Picard, of Puech, the sculptor, and his brother the deputy, Paul and Hippolyte Flaudrin, the painters, were known in their student days as the Siamese twins. It not infrequently happens that brothers go into literary partnership. Instances that occur to me are the Goncourts, the Rosnys, the Marguerites. It would be impossible to discern the work of one of any of these brothers from that of another. What is very curious, each brother, as in the case of Charles and Louis Blanc, Ernest and Arthur Picard, Jules and Leon Favre, differed strikingly in every characteristic from the other. The dissimilarity of the Marguerites is so great that one wonders how brothers could be so unlike. Alphonse Daudet was not a bit like his brother Ernest, an accomplished novelist also.—London News.

### Not Even a Hack.

In the early days of his journalistic career Frank R. Stockton was standing with a group of newspaper men, listening to the eloquence of one of their number, who on the strength of some small authority was giving his views on "higher journalism" in a pompous and bombastic manner.

At the close of a sonorous period he paused for breath, when Stockton, speaking for the first time, ventured mildly to disagree with the opinion expressed.

"Who are you to dispute me?" blazed the great man. "Why, you are only a literary hack!"

"Not even that," responded Stockton meekly. "I'm only a coupe."

### The Souls He Saved.

The pastor called at a Columbus home the other day, where little Freddie, a bright youngster, is a great pet. Freddie had previously heard his mother say that the pastor was very successful in saving souls.

During a pause in the conversation Freddie, who was sitting on the pastor's knee, asked: "Do you save souls?"

"Yes, Freddie," replied the man of the cloth.

"Will you tell me," went on Freddie seriously, "how many souls you got saved up?"—Ohio State Journal.

### A Small Philosopher.

Little George is an embryonic philosopher. He said the other day at table, "Now, when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch the floor, but when I walk around they touch the floor just as well as anybody's."—Woman's Home Companion.

Habit is the modern slavery, and the will of the individual is the only emancipation.—Saturday Evening Post.